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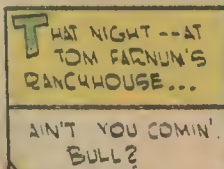
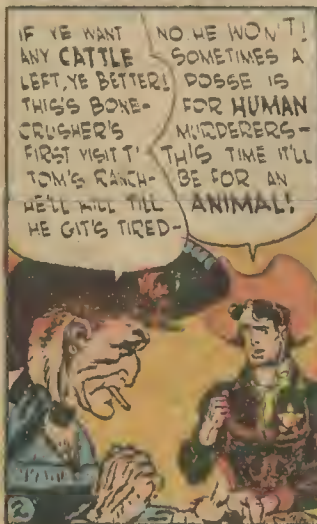
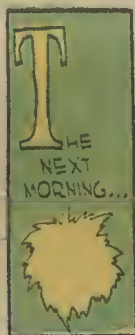
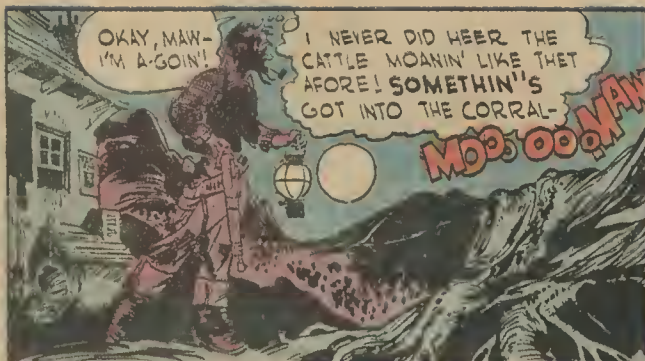
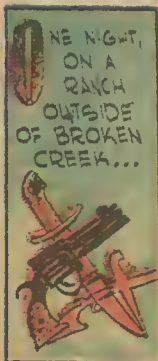
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THEY RAN GREATER  
TERROR DOWN THE SPINE  
OF BROKEN CREEK THAN  
BONE-CRUSHER, MAN-  
KILLING MOUNTAIN LION! MURDERER OF  
HUNDREDS OF CATTLE, PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1  
OF THE HUMAN COMMUNITY, BONE-CRUSHER  
AROUSED THE HATRED OF ALABAM, SHERIFF  
OF BROKEN CREEK... BUT WHEN ALABAM  
LED OUT A SHOOTING PARTY, THE  
UNEXPECTED HAPPENED! A NEW KILLER  
BURST INTO VIEW...

"THE HOBNAILED LION!"







**A**N HOUR LATER---TOM FARNUM  
PATROLS THE CORRAL

NOTHIN' THIS SIDE O' TH'  
CORRAL---BULL WAS RIGHT---  
BONE-CRUSHER WON'T KUM OUT  
IN THIS WEATHER. HE-  
WAIT! TH' CATTLE'S GITTIN'  
RESTLESS---

**S**UDDENLY, A  
ROAR OF  
THUNDER---A  
FLASH OF LIGHTNING!

M-MEBBE BONE-  
CRUSHER IS  
HERE--!



TOM'S  
VOICE,  
ALABAM!

I KNOW!  
LET'S HOPE  
WE'RE NOT  
TOO LATE!

IT IS TOO LATE!  
BONE-CRUSHER  
SURPRISED HIM---  
LET'S TAKE HIM  
TO TH' HOUSE---

TOM'S SISTER,  
FRANCIS'LL  
NEAR DIE O  
TH' SHOCK,  
ALABAM!



**L**ATER---A HALF HOUR LATER...

THERE, THERE, HONEY---IT  
WUZ JUST A TERRIBLE  
ACCIDENT!-

(SOB)-  
P-POOR TOM-(SOB)-  
MY POOR B-  
BROTHER (SOB)-

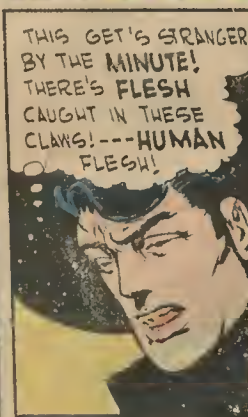
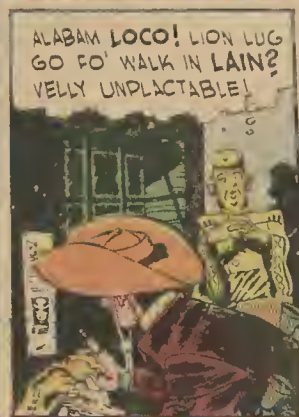
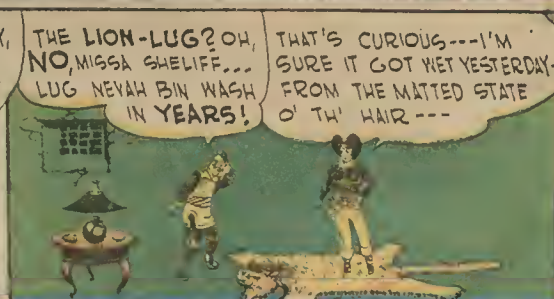
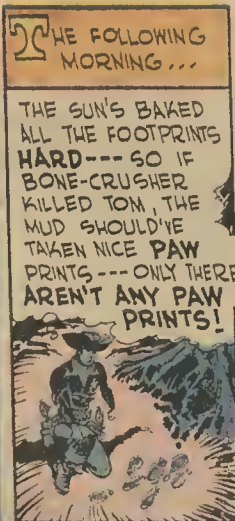
HMMM--



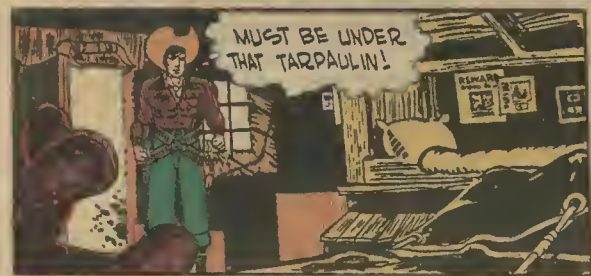
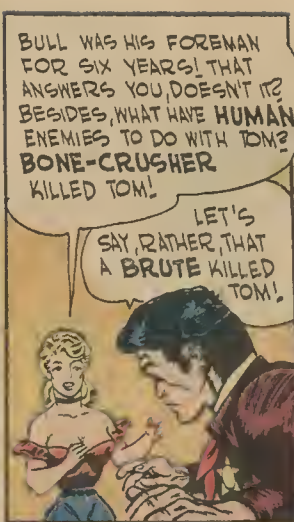
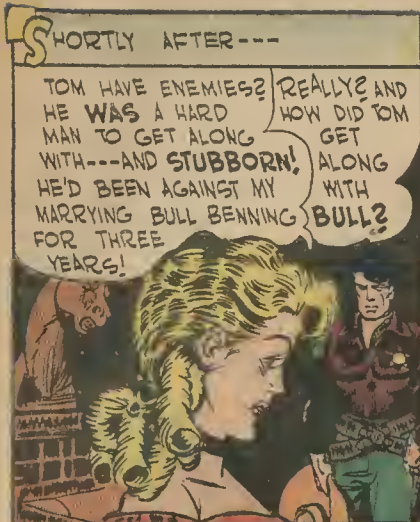
**FUNNY**... WHAT'S  
**RUST** DOING ON  
THOSE TEETH  
MARKS?





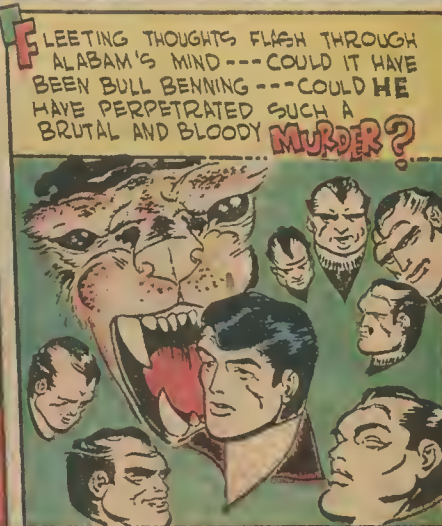
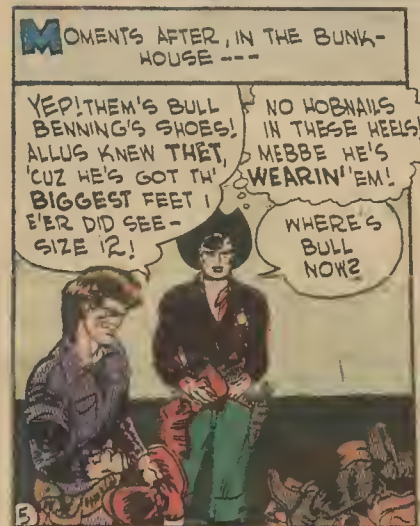
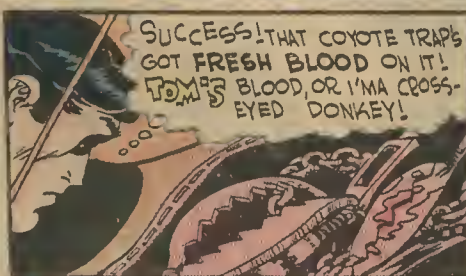






**A**

QUICK SEARCH, AND---





LATER...THAT NIGHT...BULL BRINGS HIS HORSE TO A HALT BEFORE THE BUNKHOUSE



HE ENTERS AND LIGHTS THE LAMP---



SUDDENLY

GOOD EVENING, BULL!

WHA?



OH-IT'S YOU!THE BOYS TOL' ME YOU WERE LOOKIN' FOR ME, SHERIFF---WHAT'S UP?

JUST WANTED TO SATISFY MY CURIOSITY,BULL---SUPPOSE--



-YOU SIT YOURSELF DOWN SO'S I KIN TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR BOOT!

MY BOOT?



THREE HOBNAILS IN YOUR HEEL,BULL!I'VE A RIDDLE FOR YOU- EXACTLY WHEN ARE YOU LION AND WHEN ARE YOU BULL?

HE'S WISE TO SOMETHING---IF IT'S A BOOT HE WANTS---

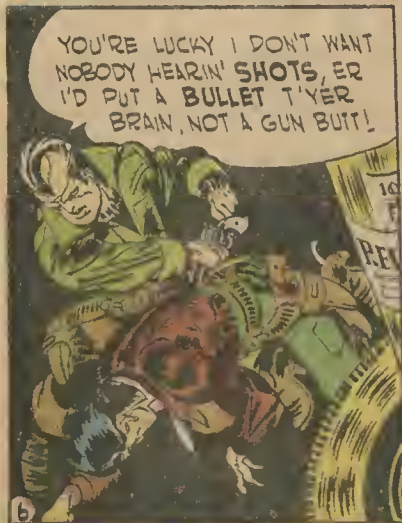


-IT'S A BOOT HE'LL GET!

CRACK



YOU'RE LUCKY I DONT WANT NOBODY HEARIN' SHOTS, ER I'D PUT A BULLET T'YER BRAIN, NOT A GUN BUT!



SOMEBODY, I MADE A MISTAKE,BUT I CAN'T STOP T'FIGGER HOT! I'LL JEST PICK UP FRAN AN' RUN FER IT!



FIVE MINUTES LATER---

I CAN'T ELOPE WITH YOU,BULL! TOM'S ONLY DEAD A DAY! I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS RUSH- ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?

MESBIE I AM!BUT I KNOW ONE THING! I AIN'T GITTIN' WITHOUT YOU!



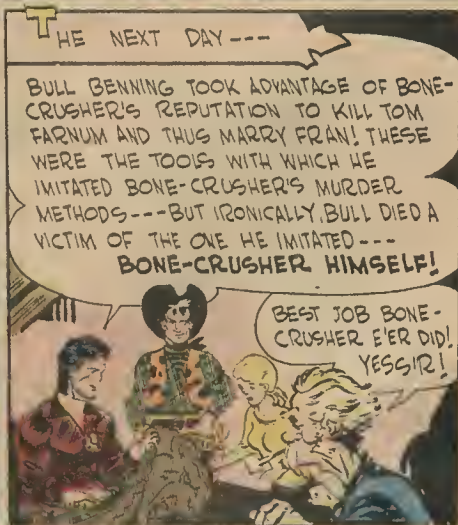
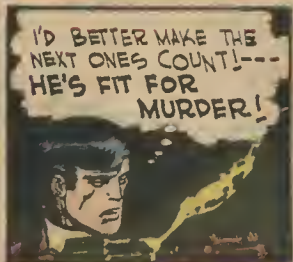
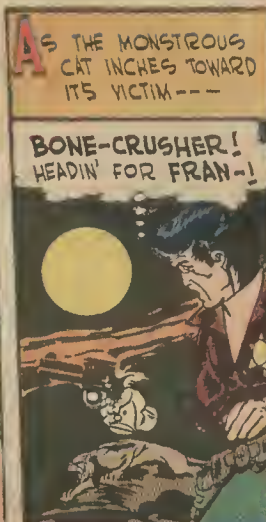
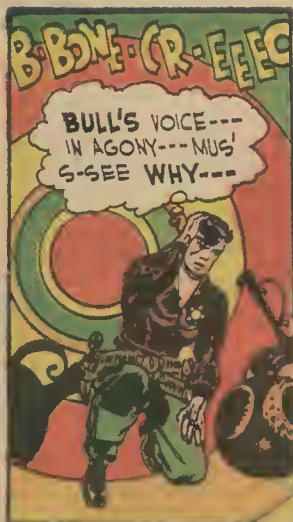
ARE YOU GONNA COME...OR---

















IT COULD SURPRISE YOU TO KNOW THAT **ONE** OF YOUR MURDERERS SHOT YOU FOR **MONEY!**



ON THE HILL OVERLOOKING THE MURDER....

MAYBE YOU'LL BE CURED OF DRINK AFTER **THIS**, CHEROKEE CHARLEY! THE GALLOW'S HAS A WAY OF HANDLING VICES **PERMANENTLY!**



SO YOU DID IT FOR **MONEY**, CHARLEY? TSK! TSK! DON'T YOU KNOW **MONEY'S** THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL?....



SO LONG, SUCKERS! I'M ON MY WAY TO FRAME THE **SECOND** MURDERER--ONLY I'VE A HUNCH HE WON'T HANG!--

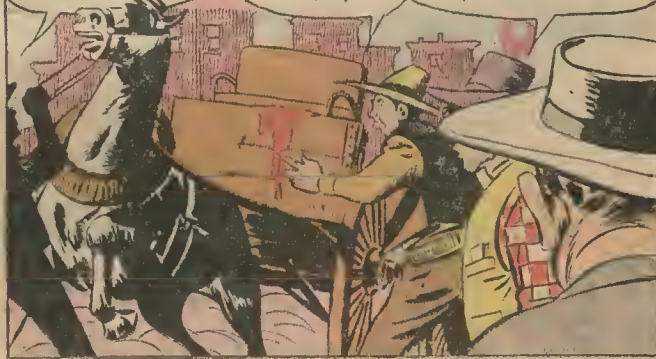


AN HOUR LATER, IN BLANCO'S RUN...

SILAS GOFF'S BUCKBOARD! BUT WHERE'S **SILAS**?

**BLOOD!** ALL OVER THE BUCKBOARD SEAT!

LET'S GET UP THE ROAD AND SEE WHAT'S HAPPENED TO **SILAS**!....



LATER...  
GET UP, YOU SMELLY SWINE!--

WE GOT THE KILLER! **CHEROKEE CHARLEY**... DRUNK AS THE DEVIL!

WE OUGHTA STRING HIM UP HERE-- ONLY THE SHERIFF'LL BE SORE!



THAT NIGHT, AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE ...

BUT I SWEAR I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, SHERIFF!--HONEST! LAST THING I REMEMBER WAS ME FALLIN' ASLEEP IN BUCK ROPER'S EDEN BAR!

DRUNK OR SOBER, YOU KILLED SILAS GOFF FOR HIS **MONEY**!... AND WE'RE HANGIN' YOU FOR IT!





ELSEWHERE, AT TOM IVE'S RANCH....

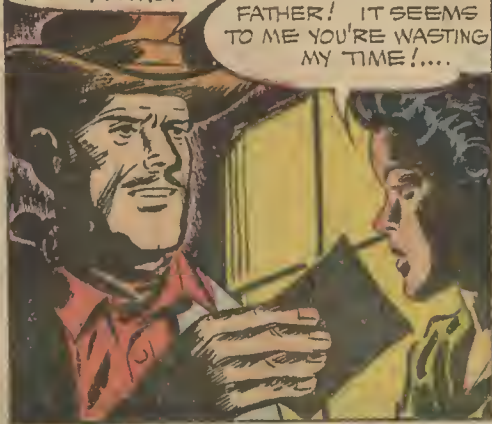
GOOD EVENING, MARILYN!  
I'VE GOT SOME BAD NEWS  
TO TELL YOU...  
IN PRIVATE....

YOU KNOW HOW I  
FEEL ABOUT YOU,  
BUCK ROPER! TELL  
ME HERE ON THE  
PORCH, AND THEN GET  
OFF THE GROUNDS!



MAYBE YOU'LL WARM  
UP WHEN YOU SEE THIS  
JUICY PIECE OF  
EVIDENCE AGAINST  
YOUR FATHER!

THERE CAN  
BE NO  
EVIDENCE OF  
**ANYTHING**  
AGAINST MY  
FATHER! IT SEEMS  
TO ME YOU'RE WASTING  
MY TIME!....



A LETTER TO SILAS  
GOFF IN MY  
FATHER'S HAND-  
WRITING!..(GASP!)  
T-THREATENING TO  
KILL SILAS UNLESS  
SILAS EXTENDS A  
\$ 25,000 LOAN  
TO HIM! T-THIS  
IS **AWFUL**--!  
WHERE'D YOU  
GET THIS PAPER?

ONE OF MY  
BOYS  
FOUND IT  
ON SILAS'  
BODY, AND  
BROUGHT  
IT TO ME.  
-LOOKS LIKE  
YOUR DAD  
SHOT SILAS  
AND FRAMED  
CHEROKEE  
CHARLEY!



NOBODY'D BELIEVE  
SUCH A STORY! MY  
FATHER HAS THE  
FINEST REPUTATION  
IN BLANCO'S RUN....

THEN WHY GRAB  
FOR THE PAPER--?  
NO, MARILYN, THE  
SHERIFF'D BE  
MIGHTY INTERESTED  
IN THIS THREATENING  
LETTER--INTERESTED  
ENOUGH TO HANG  
YOUR DAD!



I THINK I  
UNDERSTAND NOW.  
WHAT DO YOU WANT  
FOR KEEPING THE  
LETTER  
**SECRET?**

...NOTHING  
MUCH, JUST  
**YOU!**



VERY WELL. I'LL  
MARRY YOU. NOW  
GET OUT OF MY  
SIGHT AND STAY  
OUT OF IT, UNTIL  
OUR WEDDING!

YOUR WORDS  
OF TENDER  
LOVE THRILL  
ME TO THE HEART,  
MARILYN!--LET ME  
INFORM YOU OUR WEDDING  
ANNOUNCEMENT TAKES  
PLACE NEXT **SUNDAY!**



A FRIEND  
OF MINE,  
FATHER!

I CAN'T BELIEVE  
DAD KILLED  
SILAS GOFF.  
AND YET...THERE'S  
THAT LETTER. I  
CAN'T TAKE CHANCES.  
...I **MUST** MARRY  
BUCK  
ROPER!

WHO'S THAT  
YOU WERE  
TALKING  
TO, MARILYN?



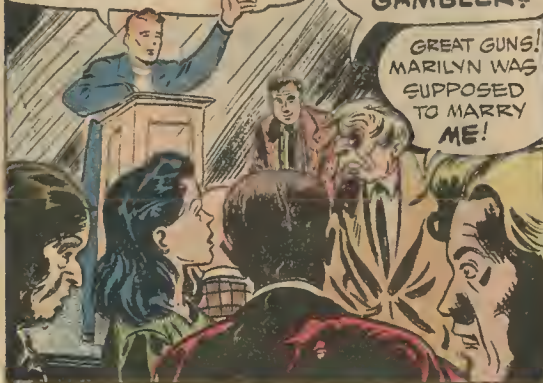


SO NEXT SUNDAY...

AND NOW, I'VE BEEN REQUESTED TO MAKE AN ANNOUNCEMENT...OF THE ENGAGEMENT OF MARILYN IVES TO BUCK ROPER!

WHAT? MARILYN, ARE YOU MAD? YOU MARRY THAT... T-THAT GAMBLER?

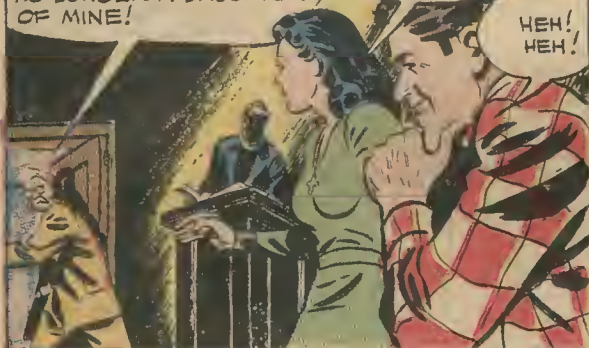
GREAT GUNS! MARILYN WAS SUPPOSED TO MARRY ME!



NO! ONE THING MORE MUST BE SAID!... I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN AS LONG AS I LIVE! YOU ARE NO LONGER A DAUGHTER OF MINE!

IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT, FATHER...THAT'S THE WAY IT WILL BE!

HEH! HEH!



I WON'T PERMIT YOU TO RUIN YOURSELF! I MUST BRING YOU TO YOUR SENSES!

EVERYONE WILL PAY NO ATTENTION TO MY FATHER. I AM OF AGE. I LOVE BUCK ROPER AND WILL MARRY HIM. THAT IS ALL THAT HAS TO BE SAID!



B-BUT, MARILYN... WHAT ABOUT ME?

YOU...GET OUT OF OUR WAY! -SEE?

EVERYTHING'S OVER BETWEEN US, HANK. I'M SORRY.

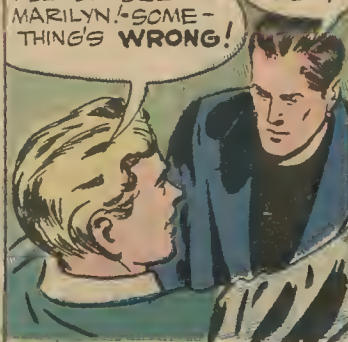


THERE, THERE, HANK. IT WAS A SHOCK, WASN'T IT?

I DON'T CARE FOR MYSELF, THOUGH I LOVE MARILYN MORE THAN ANYTHING IN THE WORLD!... IT'S MARILYN! SHE USED TO HATE BUCK ROPER!

IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! LAST WEEK SHE PROMISED TO MARRY ME...AND NOW...ROPER! REVEREND, PLEASE SEE MARILYN. SOMETHING'S WRONG!

VERY WELL, HANK. I'LL SPEAK TO HER!



A HALF HOUR LATER. .

HELLO, ROPER. I UNDERSTAND YOUR FIANCEE'S TAKEN UP LODGINGS HERE. I'D LIKE A WORD WITH HER

SURE THING, PREACHER GO ON UP AND SPIEL WITH HER! FIRST DOOR TO RIGHT ON SECOND FLOOR





UPSTAIRS...

WHAT'S

BEHIND THIS SUDDEN  
REVERSAL OF PLANS,  
MISS IVES? SURELY  
MORE THAN MEETS THE  
EYE LIES IN YOUR OVER-  
NIGHT ENGAGEMENT!

I'VE  
NOTHING  
TO SAY,  
REVEREND!  
I'M DOING  
WHAT I  
THINK  
BEST!



YOU MUST LIVE YOUR  
OWN LIFE, MISS IVES.  
BUT ALWAYS CONSIDER  
WHETHER YOU'RE  
**HURTING SOMEONE  
ELSE** WHO DOESN'T  
DESERVE TO BE INJURED!  
GOOD AFTER-NOON!

HURTING  
**SOME-  
ONE  
ELSE!**  
WHY, I'D  
CLEAN  
**FOR-  
GOTTEN!**



THEY'RE GOING TO HANG  
**CHEROKEE CHARLEY** FOR  
SOMETHING HE NEVER DID,  
BECAUSE HE WAS TOO  
DRUNK AT THE TIME TO  
EXPLAIN HOW **FATHER  
FRAMED HIM!**



NO MATTER HOW MUCH I  
LOVE DAD, I **CANNOT** LET  
ANOTHER MAN DIE FOR HIS  
CRIME...

HE'S GONE  
TO HIS  
CABIN IN  
YELLOW RUT  
CANYON!

WHERE'S MR.  
ROPER?



LATER... THAT AFTERNOON...

I SAW MARILYN, HANK.  
I'M AFRAID THERE'S **NOTHING**  
TO BE DONE. SHE'S  
MADE UP HER MIND!

I STILL CAN'T  
HELP FEELING  
SOMETHING **PECU-  
LIAR'S** GOIN' ON....



ONE OF MY BOYS TOLD ME  
WE SAW MARILYN GALLOPING  
TOWARD YELLOW RUT CANYON  
AH HOUR AGO. IF YOU RUN  
IN TO HER, TALK TO  
HER AGAIN! REVEREND,  
PLEASE!

VERY  
WELL,  
HANK!  
IF I  
MEET UP  
WITH HER  
...BYE!



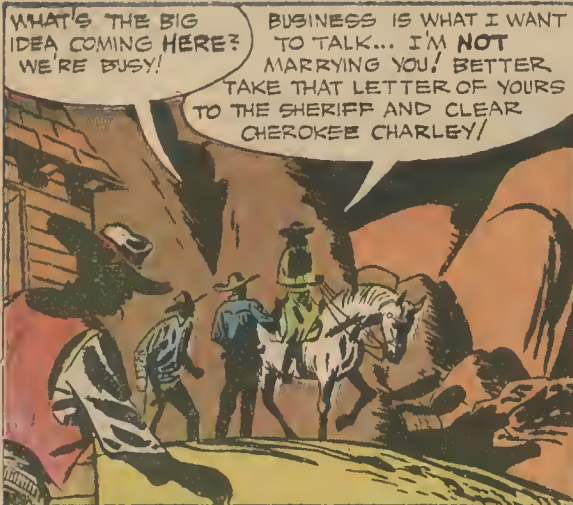
AT YELLOW  
RUN  
CANYON...

BOSS, BOSS! THAT  
**DAME** YOU'RE MARRYIN'S  
COMIN' UP THE  
ROAD! **LOOK!**

YEAH....SURE  
ENOUGH, THAT'S  
HER! WONDER  
WHAT SHE  
WANTS?



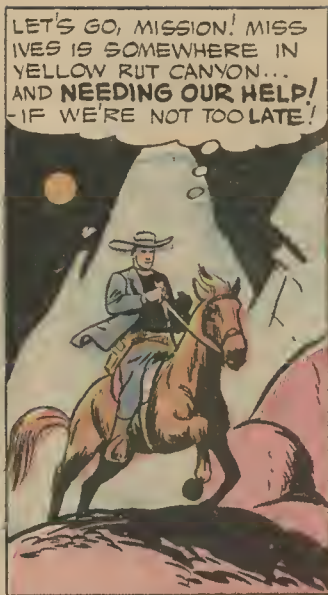








MARILYN'S SILVER CROSS!  
I RECALL SEEING IT AROUND  
HER NECK! AND THE DIRT'S  
ALL KICKED UP AROUND  
HERE, AS THOUGH IN  
STRUGGLE!



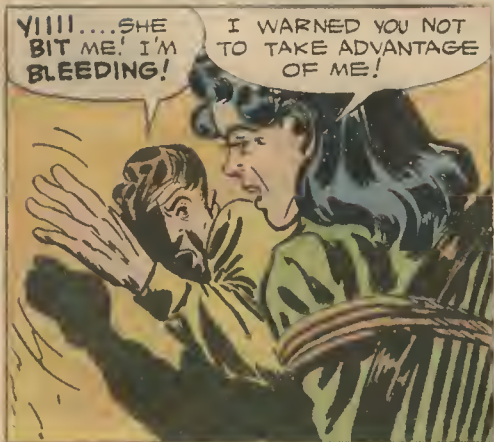
LET'S GO, MISSION! MISS  
IVES IS SOMEWHERE IN  
YELLOW RUT CANYON...  
AND NEEDING OUR HELP!  
-IF WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!



SO YOU DON'T  
WANT TO BE THE  
QUEEN OF EDEN?  
YOU'RE GONNA REGRET  
THAT DECISION,  
MARILYN, AFTER  
A COUPLE OF  
KISSES!

STAY AWAY  
FROM ME!

GO ON AN  
KISS 'ER,  
BUCK!  
MAYBE, SHE'LL  
LIKE IT!  
HAW! HAW!



YIIII...SHE  
BIT ME! I'M  
BLEEDING!

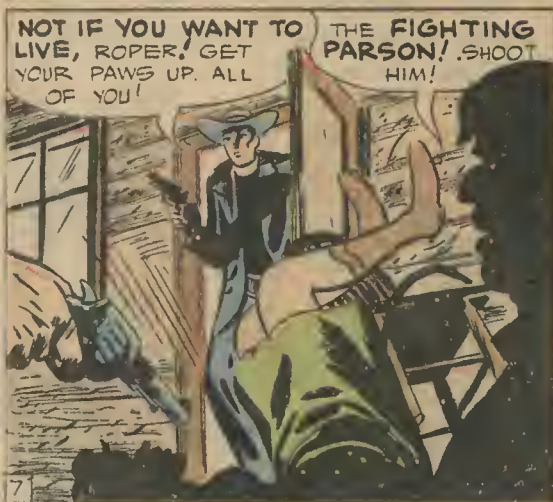
I WARNED YOU NOT  
TO TAKE ADVANTAGE  
OF ME!



MAYBE YOU'LL LIKE  
THIS KIND OF KISSING  
BETTER !!!

THAT'S THE STUFF, BOSS!  
CLIP 'ER AGAIN!

OHOOH!



NOT IF YOU WANT TO  
LIVE, ROPER! GET  
YOUR PAWS UP, ALL  
OF YOU!

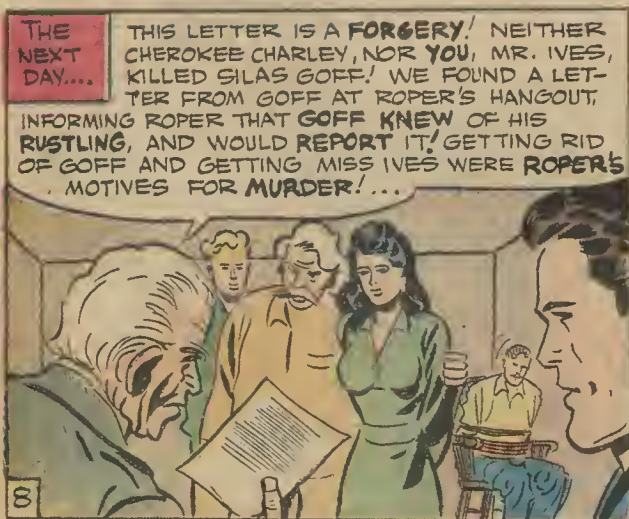
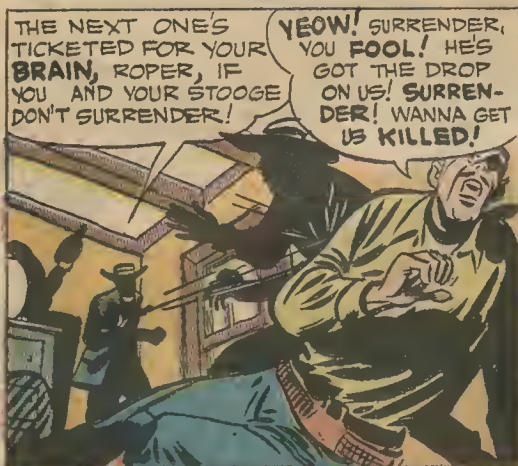
THE FIGHTING  
PARSON! SHOOT  
HIM!



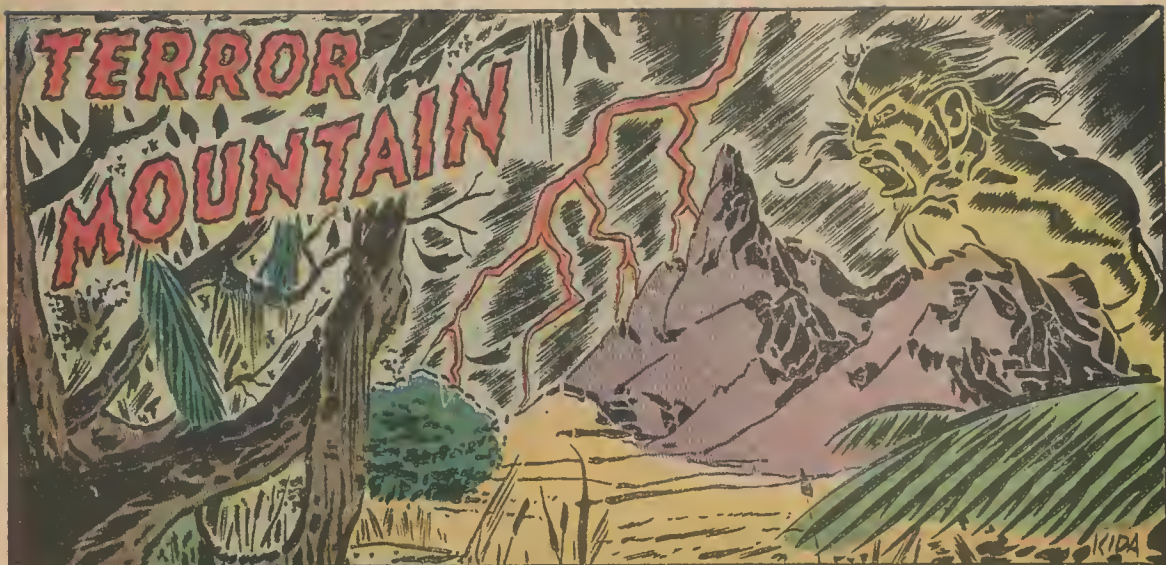
A-I-I...!

THIS'S THE WAY YOU  
PREFER IT-NOT I!









The entire village knew that a big camp of white men had been pitched in a clearing near a dirt track that crossed the jungle. The head man of the village had sent down three tribesmen to investigate and they had not returned for a week. When they reported to him, they explained their long absence. With scores of other natives, the three scouts had helped clear a wide area.

Once the camp was in order, the place became an uproar of activity. The white men ran around shouting orders, pointing black machines which clicked and purred as natives crouched, ran, climbed, fought, threw spears, and cried. It was all somewhat insane to the headman, but to the little boy who listened on the roof of the palaver house, the story of the scouts seemed to be full of wonder. He hoped very hard that some of these visitors would come to HIS village. He would only be too glad to run and climb for the strangers!

A few days later, the headman's little son, Simu, got his wish. Two white men strolled into the village aiming little boxes. One of the scouts introduced the two white men to the headman. After a hearty handshake, one of the white men took several steps backward and aimed his little black box at the headman. The headman threw up his arms and screamed. The white men threw back their heads and laughed. One white man took a photograph out

of his pack and showed it to the scout, indicating various things on the photo with a wide grin. The scout in turn showed the paper to the headman, but the latter smashed the piece of paper to the ground without looking at it. The two white men stopped smiling, looked at each other in bewilderment, and finally one of them pulled a magazine out of his pack. The title of the magazine was "Things". It was full of pictures. The white man who had tried to photograph the headman offered the magazine to the chieftain. Again, the headman struck down the article. The magazine lay in the dust in front of the palaver house. The two white men exchanged glances. From his vantage point on top of the palaver house, little Simu had observed with saucer eyes the unpleasant incidents.

His father was very angry with the visitors, that was plain to see. Then Simu watched sadly as the white men made a gesture of inquiry at Terror Mountain. They seemed to ask: What was that mountain that rose 5,000 feet from the lush jungle? They were told that the mountain was an evil place and that white men were forbidden to go there. One of the white men pointed to his camera, while the other asked why they were not permitted to go to the mountain . . . was it a *sacred* mountain? Desiring to be rid of these guests whom he now heartily disliked, the chief nodded and shouted threats at the



two white men. All the explanation the white men could get were that no Burmese could be persuaded to go within a mile of Popa, the sacred mountain, and that much horror would befall any man who'd venture upon its slopes.

Instead of looking fearful, Simu noticed that the white men seemed pleased with this information. Simu watched them make deep bows of respect and take their leave. He could not read their lips, but he could read the sparkle in their eyes! These men were going to climb *Terror Mountain*!

When the men had gone, little Simu darted to the ground and snatched up the photograph that lay in the dirt before the palaver house. Simu experienced a shiver of delight to see the image of a leopard on the bit of paper. This was true magic! To make the great leopard so small and so harmless. Simu ran his finger over the brute's mouth and felt no pain! This was, indeed, a very remarkable magic. He felt ashamed that his father had turned away these wonderful white strangers with their magical boxes.

Meanwhile, the two white men made a wide detour of the headman's village and struck out for the sacred mountain.

Hours later the two were toiling up the boulder-strewn slope of the forbidden mountain.

"D-don't see anything-g so w-wonderful about it t-this far," panted the one called Bill.

It wasn't until they reached the top of the mountain that they noticed the earth was alive.

"Great Scott!" Bill exclaimed. The blood left his cheeks. "Look, Joey . . . SNAKES!"

The entire summit was crawling with snakes. Most of the writhing pack were king cobras, but among them Bill could spot plenty of Russell vipers and banded kraits. Bill's companion needed no invitation. In a minute, at least a dozen shots of the nightmare sight were recorded for "Things", the picture magazine. But their happiness was short-lived. Believing that the snakes lay *before* them, they were scared out of a year's growth by a whistling sound and the hard smack of a cobra's fangs on

the stone at their *heels*! Both men whirled, their hair standing up as much as a tropical close crop would allow. Not only was there a roadblock of snakes in front of them, but there were TWO road blocks of snakes *BEHIND* them!

An eternity of waiting seemed to have passed when they heard a piping little voice calling to them from behind the swamp of snakes. It was Simu, the headman's son. He was dancing up, and down and gesticulating toward the heavens.

"The kid's goofy," muttered Bill between clenched teeth. "Let's chance it before the two batches of snakes meet!" Both men made ready to sprint. But Simu was going beserk telling them to keep back. He made such a rumpus that the snakes began to heave and break ranks. Both men recoiled as the snakes began to move in all directions. "He's finished us!" Bill screamed. "His darned yowling's finished us!" He felt like blasting the kid's head off with his .45 when a shock of coldness smote his head.

Sheets of Burmese rain slanted ruthlessly down upon the mountain soaking the men to the skin . . . all in a matter of seconds. Through the sudden, driving storm, Bill saw the kid jumping up and down with glee and pointing joyously at the heavens.

A miracle was taking place. As though the rain erased them, the slope became miraculously clear of snakes! They crawled into every hole, under every rock, into the very ground itself . . . as though by divine decree there were no more snakes!

"*That's* what the kid meant when he pointed to the sky!" shouted Bill as they raced toward Simu. "He knew a rainstorm was coming and realized the snakes would get out of the rain . . .

Before the white men left the vicinity, little Simu was given a big party and many presents. But the one he valued most, hung in the palaver house. It was an enormous enlargement of a full figure photograph of Simu. It was so big, Simu began to think of himself thereafter as a giant. And in a sense, Simu was not entirely wrong!

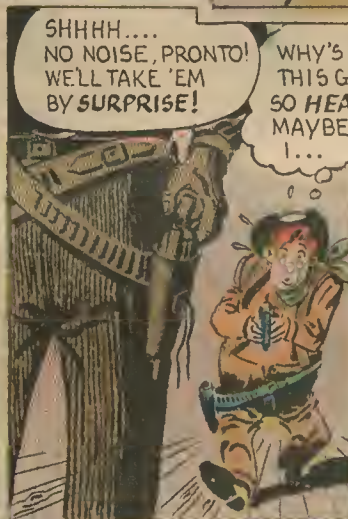
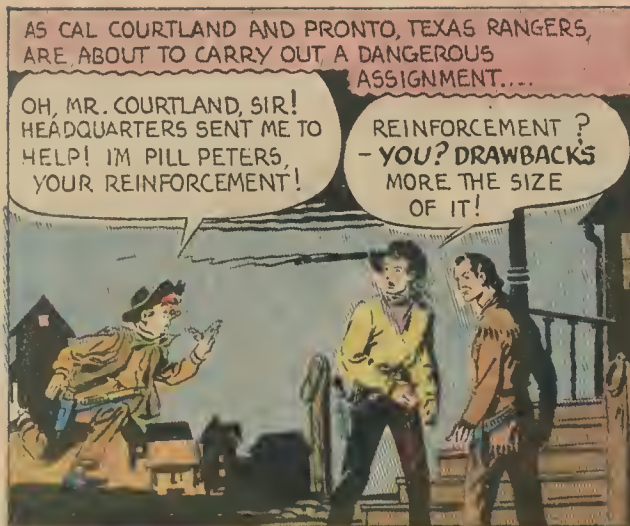


# AMATEUR NIGHT

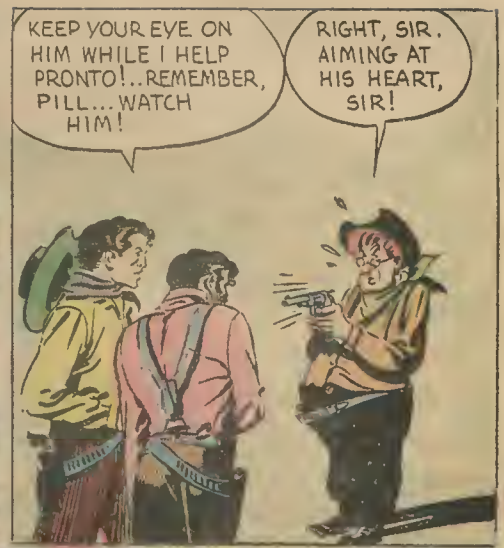


THEN "PILL" PETERS, TEXAS RANGER ROOKIE, FOUND HIMSELF IN A SPOT OF SPOTS! THE HONOR OF THE **TEXAS RANGERS**, HIS VERY LIFE, DEPENDED ON TWO TIMID FINGERS ON THE COLD STEEL TRIGGERS OF HIS SIX-SHOOTERS. OUTNUMBERED, OUTWEIGHED, OUTGUNNED BY THE TOUGHEST OUTLAWS IN THE WEST, THIS WAS NOT THE MOMENT FOR "AMATEUR NIGHT."













A HALF HOUR LATER....

THIS STEAK MAKE SWELLING DOWN!

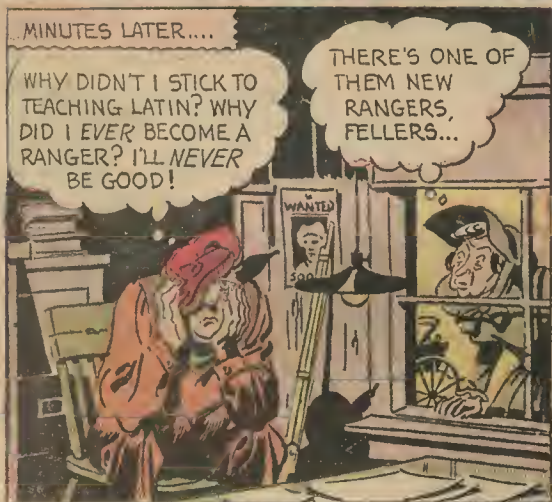
WHY SHOULDN'T THOSE CROOKS GET AWAY WHEN THEY SEND US SOMETHING LIKE *THAT*!



PILL, YOU STAY HERE. THE BOYS AND I HAVE MORE CHECKING UP TO DO... YOU'LL COME WHEN YOU LEARN OUR METHODS A LITTLE BETTER!

WHICH'LL BE **NEVER!**... HMPPPHH!

YESSIR, ANYTHING YOU SAY, SIR.



MINUTES LATER....

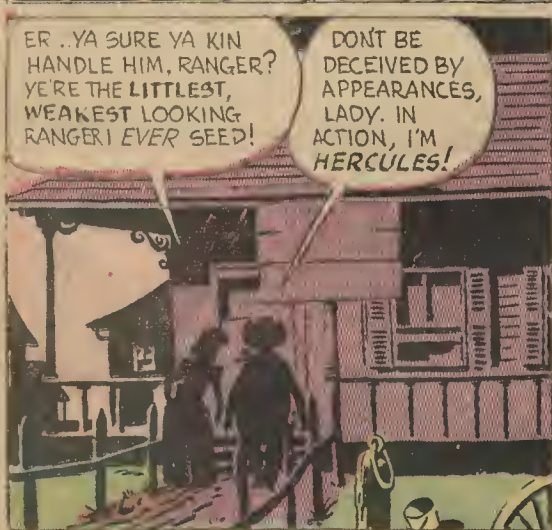
WHY DIDN'T I STICK TO TEACHING LATIN? WHY DID I EVER BECOME A RANGER? I'LL NEVER BE GOOD!

THERE'S ONE OF THEM NEW RANGERS, FELLERS...



RANGER!...THERE'S A MIGHTY SUSPICIOUS FELLER COME TA BOARD WITH ME ...

THE DUTY OF A RANGER IS TO PROTECT THE COMMUNITY.... AH! LEAD ON GOOD WOMAN!



ER..YA SURE YA KIN HANDLE HIM, RANGER? YE'RE THE LITTLEST, WEAKEST LOOKING RANGER I EVER SEED!

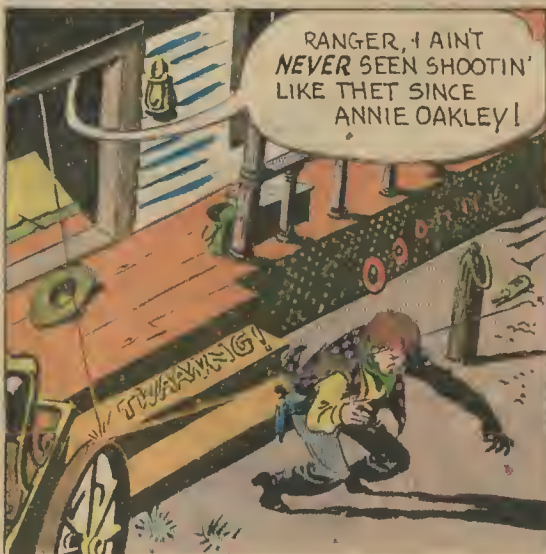
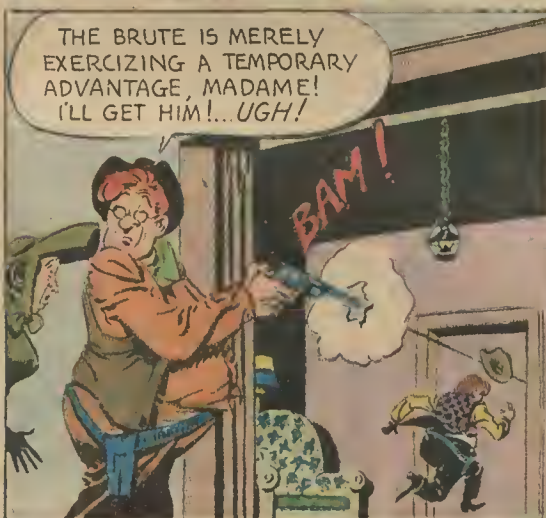
DON'T BE DECEIVED BY APPEARANCES, LADY. IN ACTION, I'M **HERCULES!**



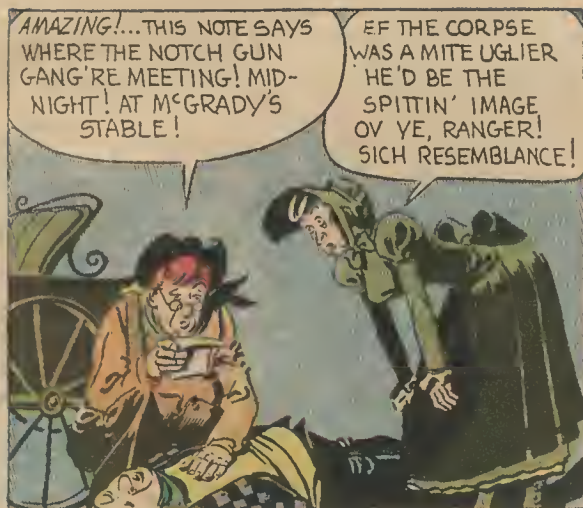
THET'S HIM! LOOK AT HIS SHOOTIN' IRONS ...NOTCHED! ALL OF 'EM \_ LIKE THEM'S OF THE NOTCH GUN GANG!

HANDS UP, STRANGER! THERE'S A TEXAS RANGER ON THE TRIGGER END OF THIS HORSE-PISTOL!









AMAZING!...THIS NOTE SAYS WHERE THE NOTCH GUN GANG'RE MEETING! MID-NIGHT! AT McGRADY'S STABLE!

EF THE CORPSE WAS A MITE UGLIER HE'D BE THE SPITTIN' IMAGE OV YE, RANGER! SICH RESEMBLANCE!



WE **DO** LOOK ALIKE, DON'T WE? **SAY!** WHY DON'T I GO TO THE MEETING DISGUISED AS **BEANIE BANTON!**



HOW PROUD THE RANGERS'LL BE WHEN I ROUND UP THE NOTCH-GUN GANG SINGLE-HANDED!...EGAD....I MUST MAKE UP!



LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS

WE KNOW THE GANG'S MEETING IN TOWN TONIGHT...BUT WHERE? WHAT'RE THEY AFTER THIS TIME?

WHERE'S PILL?



THAT'S THE LIMIT! THAT LITTLE SQUIRT CAN'T EVEN SIT STILL!

WHERE'S YORE RANGER-HEAD? A RANGERS BEIN' KILT THIS MINUTE!



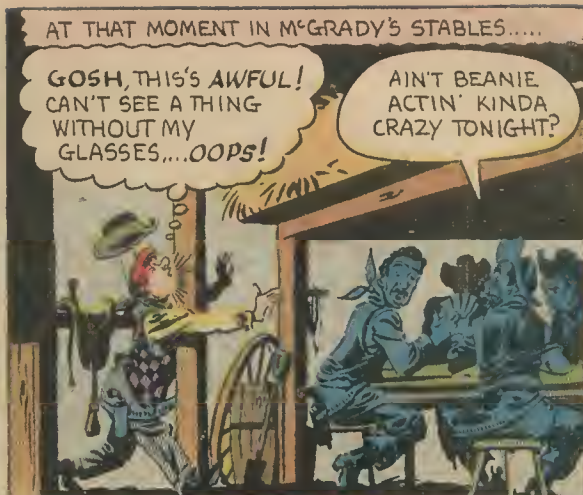
I'M IN CHARGE, LADY! WHAT RANGER'S BEING KILLED?

A COCKROACH WHO CAN'T SHOOT THE SIDE OF A BARN AT **ONE FOOT!** AN' HE'S ROUNDIN' UP THE NOTCHGUN GANG SINGLEHANDED!



ONLY ONE MAN'S LOCO ENOUGH TO DO THAT! ... PILL PETERS!







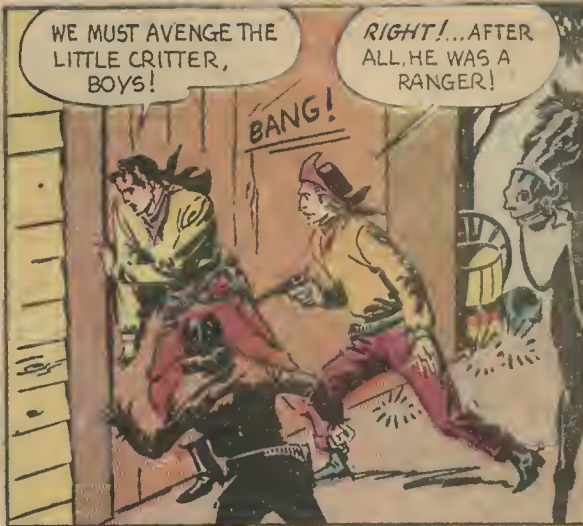






THAT MUST BE  
THE FIRING SQUAD...  
EXECUTING POOR  
PILL!

GOD REST HIS  
SILLY SOUL!



WE MUST AVENGE THE  
LITTLE CRITTER,  
BOYS!

RIGHT!...AFTER  
ALL, HE WAS A  
RANGER!



HMMM... I  
BELIEVE I HIT  
SOMETHING  
THAT TIME!

HOLY COW!  
A MASSACRE!  
WITH PILL  
DOING THE  
MASSACREING!



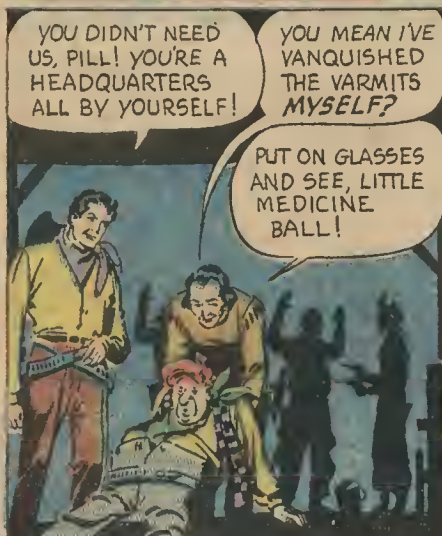
WE SURRENDER!  
SAVE US!...THE  
GUY AINT HUMAN!

OKAY! WHO'S  
NEXT!



ENOUGH PILL, ENOUGH!  
WHOSE SIDE YOU ON?  
WE'RE RANGERS!

R-RANGERS?



YOU DIDN'T NEED  
US, PILL! YOU'RE A  
HEADQUARTERS  
ALL BY YOURSELF!

YOU MEAN I'VE  
VANQUISHED  
THE VARMITS  
MYSELF?

PUT ON GLASSES  
AND SEE, LITTLE  
MEDICINE  
BALL!



I... M-ME...  
I... ER.... D-DID  
ALL THAT?



YOUR AMATEUR  
DAYS ARE SHORE  
DONE, PILL! YOU  
EVEN FAINT LIKE  
A RANGER.



# Boots BRADLEY

BY TEX DIXON

SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED TO SUNBURST VALLEY... A SCHOOL TEACHER! THERE'S PLENTY TO TEACH, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO LEARNIN', YIPPIE! JUST RIDE WITH OUR ROOTIN', SHOOTIN' CACTUS BEAUTY, BOOTS BRADLEY AND GET TO KNOW THE ROPES!



WAAL, BOOTS... GUESS I'M NOT LONG FER THIS WORLD NOW. WENT TO TOWN TO TAKE A GLIMMER AT THE NEW SCHOOL TEACHER AN' NOW I'VE SEEN EVERY-THING!

WHAT'D YOU SEE, KANSAS?



SAW THE SCHOOL TEACHER... WHATCHA EXPECT?

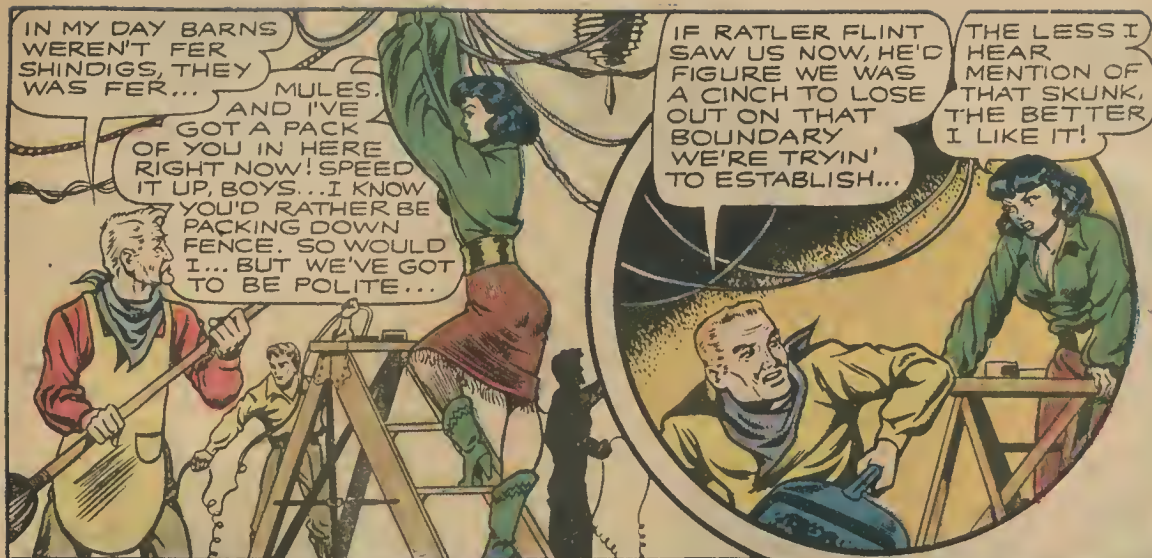


CUSS! AS THE ONLY WOMAN RANCH OWNER IN SUNBURST VALLEY, THAT MEANS I'LL BE OBLIGED TO ENTERTAIN... THAT'LL PUT OFF WORK ON THE NORTH FENCE, AND UNTIL THAT BOUNDARY IS ESTABLISHED, RATTLER FLINT WILL CONTINUE TO GRAZE HIS CATTLE IN OUR LAND... CUSS! WISH I WAS A MAN, KANSAS...

YE WOULDN'T MAKE A LIKELY LOOKIN' ONE, BOOTS...







IN MY DAY BARNS  
WEREN'T FER  
SHINDIGS, THEY  
WAS FER...

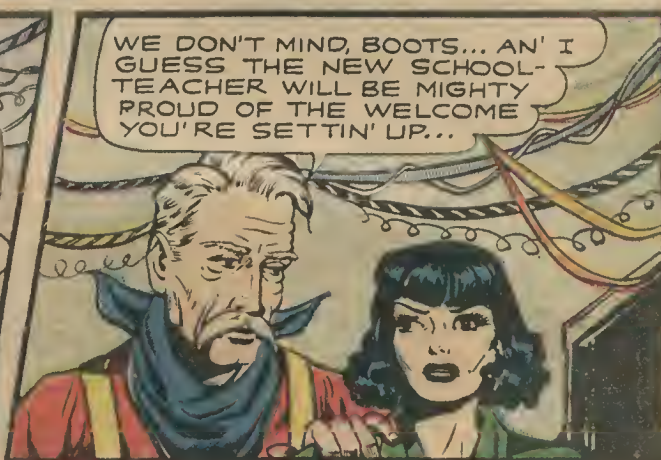
MULES.  
AND I'VE  
GOT A PACK  
OF YOU IN HERE  
RIGHT NOW! SPEED  
IT UP, BOYS... I KNOW  
YOU'D RATHER BE  
PACKING DOWN  
FENCE. SO WOULD  
I... BUT WE'VE GOT  
TO BE POLITE...

IF RATLER FLINT  
SAW US NOW, HE'D  
FIGURE WE WAS  
A CINCINCH TO LOSE  
OUT ON THAT  
BOUNDARY  
WE'RE TRYIN'  
TO ESTABLISH...

THE LESS I  
HEAR  
MENTION OF  
THAT SKUNK,  
THE BETTER  
I LIKE IT!



I'M GETTING AS  
QUICK WITH MY  
TONGUE AS WITH  
MY DRAW... ALL  
THIS FUSSIN'S  
GOT ME NERVOUS  
AS A LYNX... BUT  
IT'LL BE ALL  
OVER AFTER  
TONIGHT...  
THANK  
GOODNESS...



WE DON'T MIND, BOOTS... AN' I  
GUESS THE NEW SCHOOL-  
TEACHER WILL BE MIGHTY  
PROUD OF THE WELCOME  
YOU'RE SETTIN' UP...



AND THAT NIGHT...

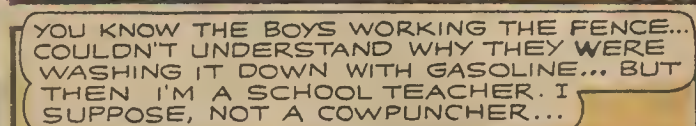
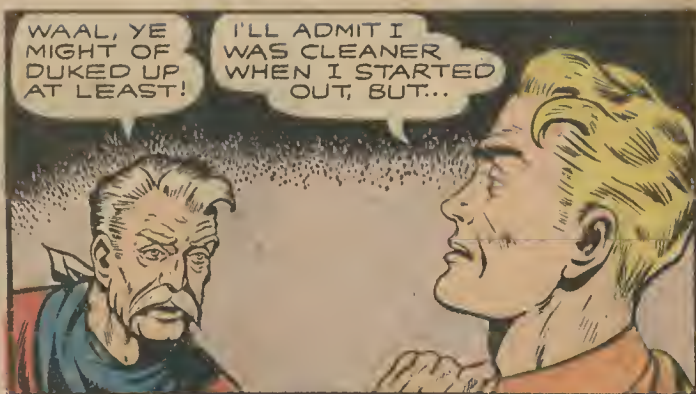
ROUND YOU GO, ROUND  
AND ROUND... WIPE YOUR  
CHIN AN' PULL DOWN YOUR VEST  
AN' DANCE WITH THE DOLLY YOU  
LOVE BEST...



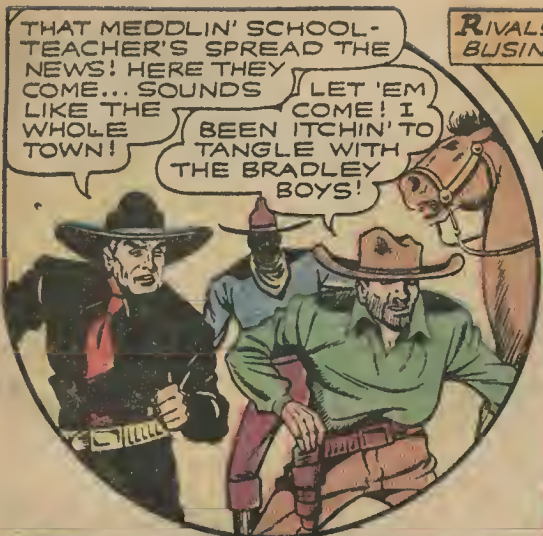
YOU'D THINK THE  
NEW SCHOOL-  
TEACHER WOULD  
AT LEAST SHOW  
UP AT A DECENT  
HOUR... WE WOULD  
HAVE HAD A MILE  
OF FENCE PACKED  
DOWN BY NOW, IF..

HERE'S  
THE  
TEACHER  
NOW,  
MAM...





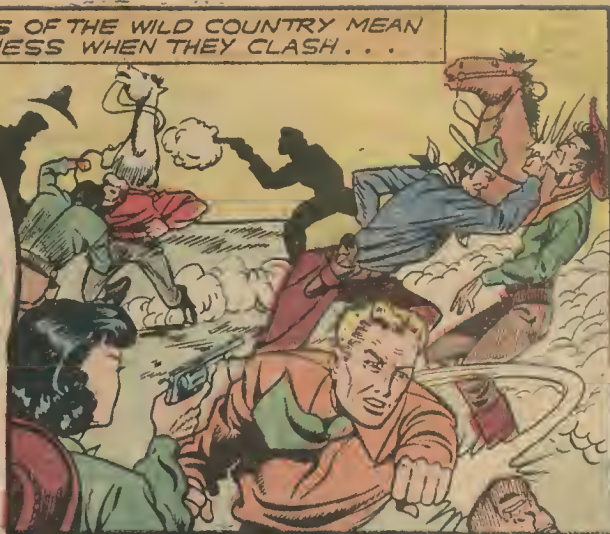




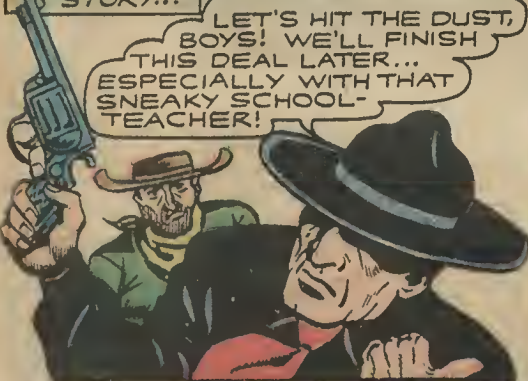
THAT MEEDLIN' SCHOOL-TEACHER'S SPREAD THE NEWS! HERE THEY COME... SOUNDS LIKE THE WHOLE TOWN!

LET 'EM COME! I BEEN ITCHIN' TO TANGLE WITH THE BRADLEY BOYS!

RIVALS OF THE WILD COUNTRY MEAN BUSINESS WHEN THEY CLASH...



BUT WHEN A MAN LIKE RATLER IS OUTNUMBERED, THAT'S A DIFFERENT STORY...



LET'S HIT THE DUST, BOYS! WE'LL FINISH THIS DEAL LATER... ESPECIALLY WITH THAT SNEAKY SCHOOL-TEACHER!

SOON THE SCENE OF BATTLE TURNS INTO A POINT OF INVESTIGATION AND THANKS-GIVING...



BLAST 'EM! BUT WE SAVED THE FENCE...

THANKS, STRANGER. YOU DID ME A BIG FAVOR...

WILSON'S THE NAME, MISS BOOTS... SORRY THE EVENING TURNED OUT LIKE THIS... YOU PLANNED SUCH A SWELL PARTY...

WE'LL TRY AGAIN NEXT SATURDAY NIGHT. BUT NOW I'VE GOT TO RIDE WITH MY MEN AND SETTLE THE CATTLE DOWN...

I HOPE TO BE SEEING MORE OF YOU, MISS BOOTS...



NICE BOY... BUT HE'S MADE A BAD ENEMY IN RATLER FLINT.

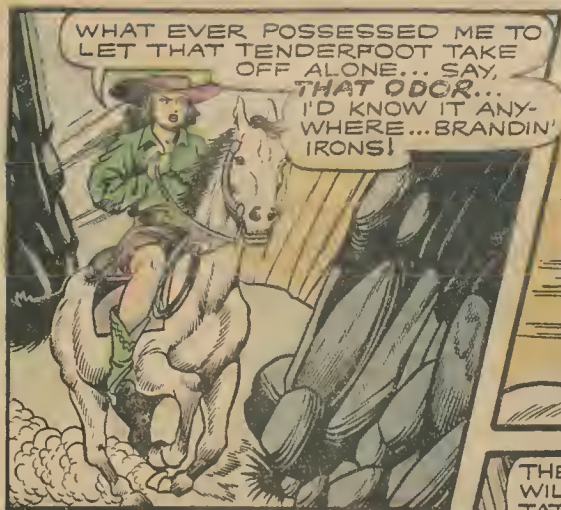
MAYBE WE SHOULD HAVE ESCORTED HIM... THAT RATLER WON'T STOP AT ANYTHING IF HE'S GOT A GRIPE...



WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME STANDIN' AROUND LIKE THIS? WILSON'S IN DANGER, I FEEL IT... I'M GOING TO CATCH UP WITH HIM... YOU AND THE BOYS GET THE SHERIFF, KANSAS... WE'LL SEE THAT RATLER IS PICKED UP ONCE AND FOR ALL!







WHAT EVER POSSESSED ME TO LET THAT TENDERFOOT TAKE OFF ALONE... SAY, **THAT ODOR...** I'D KNOW IT ANYWHERE... BRANDIN' IRONS!



CAN HARDLY PICK UP HIS TRACKS... OH-OH! HERE THEY ARE... PLENTY OF THEM!

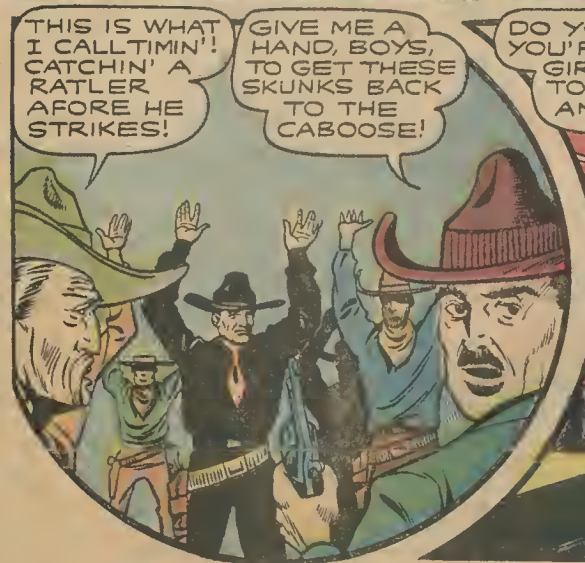


THIS'LL HELP YOU REMEMBER WE DON'T LIKE WAGGING TONGUES IN THESE PARTS, STRANGER.

RATLER! LOOK OUT!



THE FIRST ONE WHO MOVES WILL GET MY INITIALS TATTOOED ON 'EM... IN HOT LEAD...

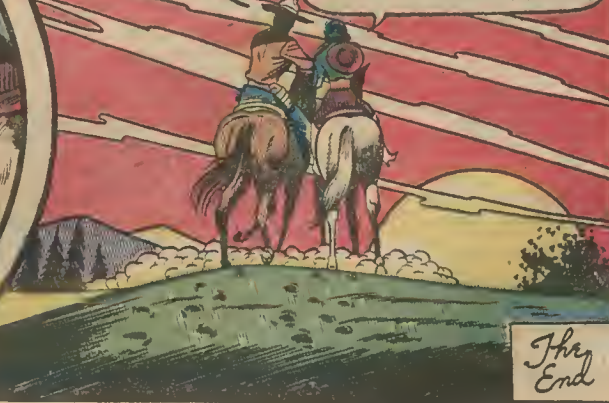


THIS IS WHAT I CALL TIMIN'! CATCHIN' A RATLER AFORE HE STRIKES!

GIVE ME A HAND, BOYS, TO GET THESE SKUNKS BACK TO THE CABOOSE!

DO YOU KNOW, BOOTS, YOU'RE THE FIRST GIRL THAT EVER TOOK ME HOME... AND I LIKE IT...

EASILY KNOWN YOU'RE A STRANGER IN THESE PARTS, WILSON... YOUR DIRECTION IS ALL MIXED UP... **YOU'RE TAKING ME HOME!**



The End



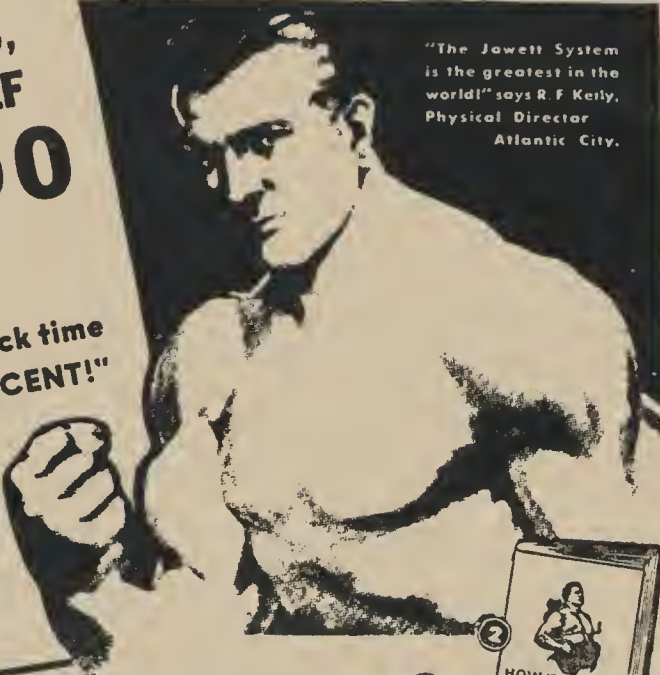
# WANTED! Skinny Weaklings to become HE-MEN

"Let me show **YOU** too,  
HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF  
**COMMANDO  
-TOUGH**

inside and out... in double quick time  
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says *George F. Jowett*  
whom experts call the  
**WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER**

Let me prove to YOU how in double quick time I can put inches of dynamic muscles on your arms! Add inches to your chest! Broaden your shoulders! And power-pack the rest of your body—so quickly it will amaze you! My methods can give you the untiring endurance of a panther. I have done it for thousands the world over. Give me a fighting chance to do it for you.



## Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be. **MY TIME TESTED METHODS RE-BUILD YOU.**

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Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Moulding A Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that will surge through your muscles.

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**REX FERRIS**, Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he, "I owe everything to Jowett methods." Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!



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Send for These  
**FIVE Famous Courses**  
NOW in **BOOK FORM**  
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or **ALL 5 for \$1**

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

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Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only **ONE DOLLAR**—or any one of them for 25c. If you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually **FEEL** results within **ONE WEEK**, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you! And don't forget—by sending the **FREE GIFT COUPON** at once you receive a **FREE** copy of the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."

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George F. Jowett: Your proposition looks good to me. Send by return mail, prepaid, the courses checked below, for which I enclose \$1. Include **FREE** book of **PHOTOS.**

- |  |   |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> All 5 courses for \$1.00  | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding Mighty Legs 25c    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Arm 25c  | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Grip 25c  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Back 25c   | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Chest 25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1 plus postage.) No orders less than \$1 sent C.O.D. |   |

NAME.....Age.....  
(Please Print Plainly, Include Zone Number)

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All for only  
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- ★ This Smart Leather Billfold and Pass Case
- ★ Handy, Built-In Coin Holder For Your Loose Change
- ★ Genuine Rabbit's Foot Key Holder With Flexible Gilt Chain
- ★ 3-Color Identification Plate

Beautifully Engraved with  
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Social Security Number

**YOU GET THIS!**  
Smart looking, beautifully  
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COIN HOLDER  
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This Smart LEATHER BILLFOLD  
Comes to You Complete with

- ★ Large Built-In COIN HOLDER
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CELLULOID  
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LEAVES

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MY FULL NAME \_\_\_\_\_ (PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ To save shipping charges I am enclosing in advance \$1.98 plus 20% Federal Excise tax (total \$2.37). ☐ Social Security No. \_\_\_\_\_ Please ship my Billfold order all postage charges prepaid.

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